

righted, or whatever is necessary to keep the world at large from imitating your triumph of genius," said Mabel.

Even Harold, the 'baby' of the family, a little fellow of eight or nine years, came in for a share of his sister's merciless sarcasm. He had produced a wonderful 'bouquet' on a sheet of white paper with his box of paints.

'See my flowers!' he cried with childish delight. 'Arn't they beautiful?'

'Oh, marvellous!' said Mabel. 'You're bound to be the chief artist of your day.'

Jane, the cook, had made some delicious rolls for tea, and the other members of the family were kindly praising them in her presence, when Mabel said acridly:

'There never was anything quite like them Jane. If Delmonico should hear of you, we would soon be minus a cook.'

'Mabel,' said her mother, 'didn't you say before tea, that you disliked Hattie B—?'

'Yes, I did, and I never shall like her. Her sarcasm is simply unendurable.'

'Then you ought to like her, for you have much in common. Everything you have said this evening has fairly bristled with sarcasm. It is your chief fault. It crops out every day of your life. I wonder that you are not aware of so marked a failing in yourself, when you see it so clearly and condemn it so sharply in others.'—J. L. Harbour.

The Thing Worth While.

I know that many of you are puzzled to know in what direction you can start to help Christ to help the world. Let me say this to you in that connection: Once I came to a crossroads in the old life and did not know in what direction God wanted me to help hasten His kingdom. I started to read the Book to find out what the ideal life was, and I found that the only thing worth doing in the world was to do the will of God; whether that was done in the pulpit or in the slums; whether it was done in the college or class room, or on the street, did not matter at all. 'My meat and drink,' Christ said, 'is to do the will of Him that sent Me,' and if you make up your mind that you are going to do the will of God above everything else, it matters little in what direction you work. There are more posts waiting for men than there are men waiting for posts. Christ needs men in every community and in every land; it matters little whether we go to foreign lands or stay at home as long as we are sure we are where God puts us.—Henry Drummond.

His Mother's Friend.

'Why do you take so much pains to make that call?' asked one college fellow of another during the recent holidays. 'You know you'd have a lot better time at the concert, and I want you to go with me. You know I do.'

'Yes, old fellow, I know it, and I want to go with you; but you see it's this way. I promised my mother I'd call on this old friend of hers, and the friend is expecting me. This is really the only time I can go, and I know they'll both be awfully disappointed if I don't. You see, they were chums when they were young like us, and I've

heard about this Mrs. Brown all my life, and, of course, she has about me. You see how it is. I can't help going; and then I always enjoy meeting my mother's friends.'

It was only a little thing for this college fellow to lose a concert in order to give pleasure to an older person, but it is just such little things that many young folks carelessly leave undone without realizing how much happiness the attentions would give.

It was only the other day that a good woman with beaming face called out to a friend who was passing: 'Come in and let me show you something,' and with genuine happiness she displayed a photograph of a young man and another of a college room. 'Just think,' she said, 'John Graves sent me a beautiful letter, and sent me these because he said he thought I might like to see how he looked, and what kind of a room he was living in. Wasn't it lovely in him? For I haven't seen him since he was a boy, and he just did it because I'm a friend of his mother. Every time I look at these pictures they'll make me happy, for it's so sweet to be remembered!'

Oh, if you could have seen that radiant face, you would constantly be on the lookout for opportunities to give happiness, not to your father's and mothers' friends alone, but to older people generally; for the things which mean so little to you often mean a great deal to them.—Wellspring.

The Selfish Girl.

'Mabel, put down your book, and help me a few moments,' called a mother to her young daughter.

Mabel read on, without seeming to hear. Presently her mother called her again.

'Yes, mamma,' said Mabel, 'I'll be down in just a moment.'

The time went on, and presently the mother called a third time.

'Please let me finish this chapter,' called Mabel.

The mother did not answer, but tired as she was, she did the work alone. Not being called again, Mabel decided that her mother did not want her, and bent over her book with renewed interest. She kept her room all the morning, and did not think of her mother and the work down-stairs. Mabel did not mean to be entirely selfish. She did not understand how much her mother needed her help. She thought only of her own pleasure, and was inclined to be cross and fretful if interfered with.

There are hundreds of such girls. They do not mean to be wholly selfish; no doubt they think they love their mothers, but they love their own way also.

Girls, God gives you but one mother. See to it that you show your love for her in a way that will gladden her heart and lighten her cares.—'The Friend.'

Dignity and Innocence.

This is the title of a beautiful picture photographed from farm life, which will adorn the front page of the 'Canadian Pictorial' for October. The picture shows a pretty child leading with a halter in the barnyard, two magnificent specimens of Hereford cattle. The photographer has succeeded in obtaining a very attractive picture, and one that will be especially enjoyed by farmers and lovers of stock. It will make a capital picture for framing. Other rural and farm-life scenes will be portrayed through the 'Canadian Pictorial.' Price one dollar to Dec. 31, 1907; ten cents on trial to Dec. 31, 1906, with coupon elsewhere in this paper. The 'Canadian Pictorial,' with the 'Northern Messenger,' one year each, only 75 cents, or for fifty cents additional, with any of the 'Witness' clubs by using special coupon on Page 16.

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To the End.

It is easier to look forward to serving Christ than to serve him now. Most of us would rather sing the lines in the hymn that run

'O Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end,'

as though they read 'at the end.' Yet the only assurance we can give either to Christ or to ourselves that we shall want to be with him and serve him at the end is to live true to him to-day. Traitors of to-day are not likely to be loyal to-morrow. But loyalty to-day, to-morrow, and always, is made possible even to those of us who have often betrayed his love, because of the strength of that love which never betrays us.—'Sunday School Times.'

Beautiful Hands.

As a young friend was standing with us noticing the pedestrians, a very stylish young lady passed us. 'What beautiful hands Miss— has!' exclaimed our friend.

'What makes them beautiful?'

'Why, they are small, white, soft, and exquisitely shaped.'

'Is that all that constitutes the beauty of the hand? Is not something more included in your catalogue of beauty, which you have not enumerated, to make the hand desirable?'

'Are they charitable hands? Have they ever fed the poor? Have they ever carried the necessities of life to the widow and orphan? Has their soft touch ever smoothed the irritation of sickness and the agonies of pain? Do the poor bless those rosy-tipped fingers as their wants are supplied by them?'

'Are they useful hands? Have they been taught that the world is not a playground, or a theatre of display, or a mere lounging place? Do those delicate hands ever labor? Are they ever employed about the domestic duties of life—the homely, ordinary employments of the household? Or does the owner leave all that to the mother, while she nourishes her delicate hands in idleness?'

'Are they modest hands? Will they perform their charities or their duties without vanity? Or do they pander to the pride of their owner by their delicacy and beauty? Does she think more of their display than the improvement of her mind and character, and the salvation of her immortal soul?'

'Are they humble hands? Will their owner extend them to grasp the hand of that old schoolfellow who sat at the same desk with her, and on the same recitation bench, but who must now earn her living by her labor? Or will they remain concealed in their exclusiveness in her aristocratic muff as she sweeps by her former companions?'

'Are they holy hands? Are they ever clasped in prayer, or elevated in praise? Does she ever remember the God who has made her to differ from so many other girls, and devote her mind, her heart, her hands to His service? Does she try to imitate her Saviour by going about doing good? Or are her hands too delicate, too beautiful, to be employed in good works? These are the qualities that make a hand beautiful.' — 'Temperance League.'

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